A worthy Myrrour, wherin ye may marke, An excellent Discourse of a breeding Larke:

By readyng wherof, perceyue well ye may:
Why at trust is Freendes, or on Kinsfolkes to stay.

A LARKE sometimes did brēd,
Within a field of Corne:
And had increase whē as ỳ Cra
was redy to be shorne. (yne
She wary of the tyme:
and carefull for her nest,
Debated wisely with her selfe.
what thynge to do were best.
For to abyde the rage,
of cruell Reapers hende,
She knew it was to perillous,
with safetie for to stande:
And to dislodge her Brode,
vnable yet to flye:
(Not knowing whither to remoue,)
great harmes might hap thereby
Therfore shee ment to staye,
tyll Frame constraynde to flēte:
And in the whyle for to prouyde,
some other place as mēte.
The better to prouyde,
the purpose of her mynde:
She would forthwith go seke abroad,
and leaue her Yong behind:
But first, she had them all
attend their Mothers wyll,
Which careful was for to eschewe
each likelyhod of yll:
This Corne is ripe (quoth she,)
wherein we nestled are:
The which (if hede preuents not harmes,)
may cause our mortall care.
Therfore to fence with skyll,
the sequeall of mishappes:
I wyll prouyde some other place,
for feare of afterclappes:
Whilste I for this and Fode,
am flowen hence alwaye:
With heedefull eares attentiue bē,
what cōmers by do saye.
Thus sayde, shee vaunste her selfe,
vpon her longed Toe:
And mounted vp into the Skies,
styll singing as she flowe:
Anone shee home returnde,
full fraught with choyce of meate:
But loe, (a suddaine change) her Brodes
for feare could nothyng eate.
Ther with agast, she cryed:
what how? what meaneth this?
I charge ye on my blessyng, tell:
what thyng hath chaunst amis?

Are these my welcomes home,
or thankes for Fode I haue?
Ye wonted were with chirping cheare,
to gape before I gaue:
But now such Qualmes oppresse
your former quiet kynde:
That (quite trāsformd) dumb mute thigs
and Senseiesse Soules I finde:
The Prime and eldest Birde,
(thus checkt) began to say,
Alas deare Dame, such news we hard,
sence ye were flowen awaye.
That were it not the truste
that we repose in you,
Our liues were lost remedyles,
we know it well ynow:
The Owner of this Plot,
came hither with his Sonne,
And sayd to him, this wheat must down
tis more then time t'were don:
Go get thee to my friendes,
and byd them come to morne,
And tell them that I craue their helpes,
to reape a peece of Corne:
The Larke that was the Dam,
stoo in a dump a whyle,
And after said, his Frindes (quoth shē)
and then began to smile.
Tush, Friendes are hard to finde,
true friendshyp seild appeares:
A man misse to haue a Friend,
that liues olde NESTORS yeares,
True DAMON and his Friend,
long ere our time were dead:
It was in Greece, a great way hence
where such two friends were bred:
Our Country is to colde,
to foster vp a Friende:
Tyll proofe be made, eche one wyll say,
styll yours vnto the ende.
But trye in time of nede,
and all your friends are flowen,
Suche fruitlesse Sede, suche fickle stay
in faithlesse Friendes, is sowen:
Therfore be of good cheere,
reuiue your dulled Spirites,
Expell the Care, that causeleslie thus,
bereaues you of delightes:
Let no surmised feare,
deprriue your eyes of slepe,
My selfe wyll be amongst ye styll,
that safely shall ye kepe.

And sware: eene by the Tufte,
that growes vpon my Crowne:
If all his helpe be in his Frendes,
this Corne shall not goe downe.
The Yong assured by her,
That such an Othe vpo sweare:
Spo passe the time with wonted slepe,
and banisht former feare.
And when the drowsie Night,
was fled from gladsome Daye:
She bad them wake and take about
for she must go her way.
And saide, I warrant you,
these friendes wyll not come heere:
Yet notwithstanding, listen well,
and tell me what you heare.
Anone, the Farmer came,
enraged welnie madde:
And sware, who so depends on friends
his case is worse then badde.
I wyll go set my Kinne
to help mee with this geare,
In things of greater weight then this,
their kindred shall appeare,
The Larkes, their Dam returnd,
informed her of all,
And how, that he himselfe was gone,
his kindred for to call:
Pot when she hard of Kinne,
she laughinge, cried amayne:
I Pin for Kin: a Figge for Friendes,
yet Kinne the worste of twayne.
This man him selfe is poore,
though healthy time he haue:
And kindred now a dayes doth quaile,
when nede compelles to craue.
Nowe: he shall returne,
with yll contented mynde:
His paynes shall prooue but losse of time,
no succoure he shall finde.
They all are so addicte
vnto their priuate gayne,
That if ye lacke power to requite,
your Suites are all in vayne.
My selfe am ouercharged,
with Harueste ye maye se,
And neerer is my Skin, then Shirte,
this shall their Answere bē.
Therfore as earth of Friendes,
so saye I nowe of Kin:
We shall receyue no hurte by them,
nor he no profite win.

yet listen once agayne,
what now is Refuge is,
For kinred shalbe lyke to Friendes,
be well assured of this:
I must go furnish vp,
a Neast I haue begone:
And wyll returne and bring ye meate,
assone as it is don.
Then vp the clam the Clowdes,
with such a lusty Laye:
That it reioyste her Yonglinges hartes
as in their Neast they laye:
And muche they did cōmende,
their Mothers lofty gate,
And thought it long til time had brought
them selues to such estate.
Thus whilste their twinkelynge eyes,
were rouyng to and fro:
They saw where as the Farmer came.
that was their mortall Foe.
Who after due complaintes,
Thus said in the ende:
I wyll from henceforth trust my selfe,
and not to kinne nor Friende.
Who geues me gloseing wordes,
and fayles me at my nēde:
May in my PATER NOSTER bē
but neuer in my CREEDE,
My selfe wyll haue it downe,
since nedes it must be so,
For proofe hath taught me to much wit
to trust to any mo.
The Birdes that listenyng laye,
attentiue to the same:
Informde their Mother of the whole,
as sone as ere she came.
Pē mary then quoth shē,
the case now altered is:
We wyll no longer heare abyde,
I alwayes feared this,
But out she got them all,
and trudged away apace,
And through the Corne she brought them
into another place. (safe,
God send her lucke to shun
both Hauke and Fowlers Gin,
And mē the hap to haue no nede,
of Friende, nor yet of Kin,

FINIS. Arthur Bour.

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